JUDGE DREDD

ANDERSON

PSI-DIVISION

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THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS

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1:A

COVER BY MATT HALEY

SECTOR 6, MEGA-CITY ONE, 2080 A.D.

AAAUH!

OH... OH GRUD!

BREATHE, HONEY!

REMEMBER? DEEP BREATHS! NOT FAR NOW!

JOVUS, D-DID YOU SEE THAT? THEY TOOK THE WHOLE BLOCK APART!

KINDA OCCUPIED HERE. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT'VE -:HNNNN!:- NOTICED.

EYES ON THE SKED, IF YOU -:HFF!:- DON'T MIND.

SORRY, SORRY.

BUT I... I THINK IT'S THE *JUVES*. I THINK THEY'RE DOING THIS.

NNHH! JUST GET US TO THE ***MED-CENTRE*** IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OR YOUR UNBORN OFFSPRING IS GOING TO BE -:HNGG!:- OUT THERE JOINING THEM.

DON'T WORRY, IT'S ONLY ANOTHER COUPLE OF STREETS AWAY. TRY TO STAY CALM. I'LL GET US THERE IN ONE PIECE—

DROKK—!

MY GRUD... HOW ARE THEY...?

PLEASE, CAN WE *GO?* THIS BABY'S NOT -:HHN:- HANGING AROUND!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

MY WIFE, SHE'S GONE INTO LABOUR—

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, SIR. BE ASSURED...

"...SHE'S IN SAFE HANDS."

MARTHA?

HMM, NOT KEEN, ANNEKA?

WITH *ANDERSON* AS A SURNAME? COME ON.

WELL, THERE WAS MY GRANDMOTHER'S MIDDLE NAME.

I ALWAYS KINDA LIKED IT, THOUGHT IT WAS QUITE CLASSY.

CASSANDRA.

SECTOR 48, MEGA-CITY ONE, 2104 A.D.

AAHH!

MUSEUM OF MODERN HISTORY

UGH. *PSI-FLASH*—STRONG ONE, TOO. WOULD HAVE TO BE FOR IT TO CUT THROUGH MY UNCONSCIOUS LIKE THAT.

SLEEP'S USUALLY MY RETREAT, WHEN THE MENTAL CHATTER DIALS BACK A NOTCH. RARE THAT IT INTERRUPTS MY DREAMS.

STANDARD PROCEDURE IS TO CALL IT IN, NO MATTER HOW VAGUE IT MAY BE...

CONTROL—ANDERSON. JUST CAUGHT A *PRECOG FLASH*, THE MEGAPOLITAN MUSEUM OF MODERN HISTORY. GOT A HINT OF SOMETHING... *TROUBLE*, MAYBE. MIGHT WANT TO CHECK IT OUT.

*WILCO. DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN, UH, GIVE US ANYTHING **MORE** TO GO ON?*

HEY, ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT IT WOKE ME UP AND THAT'S THE ONE DETAIL I CAN REMEMBER. MEANT TO BE CATCHING SOME ZEES HERE.

BUT IT'S BARELY 7 P.M.—

CHECK YOUR DUTY ROSTER. I'M LOGGED OFF TILL 6 TOMORROW.

BRAIN NEEDS A RECHARGE—READING CREEPS' DIRTY SECRETS ALL DAY TAKES IT OUT OF A GIRL.

ANDERSON OUT.

TRUTH IS, THE POTENCY OF THE FLASH HAS GOT ME THINKING... REGULAR HELMETS COULD BE ILL-EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH IT.

TUNING IN TO THAT LEVEL OF PSI-ENERGY SUGGESTED THESE MIGHT NOT BE ORDINARY PERPS.

DROKK IT. NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

CONTROL— DECIDED TO HEAD OVER TO THE MEGAPOLITAN. FIGURE THE SLAB-JOCKS COULD DO WITH MY EXPERTISE AND GENERAL SUNNY DISPOSITION.

THEY TURNED UP ANYTHING UNUSUAL?

NOT SO FAR. THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S KICKING UP A STINK. HE'S NOT APPRECIATING HIS GUESTS BEING SEARCHED ON ENTRY.

HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS ONE, ANDERSON.

I DON'T. IF I MADE A MISTAKE, ALL WE DID WAS JUST INCONVENIENCE A FEW DOZEN EGGHEADS. I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.

WHAT'S THE OCCASION HERE, ANYWAY?

NEW EXHIBITION OPENING—RELICS OF THE CURSED EARTH. MEANT TO BE THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF **PREWAR ANTIQUITIES** SINCE THE BOMBS DROPPED.

AND IF THAT AIN'T BAIT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS...

SOME ARE PRICELESS, SO THEY SAY.

HEY, CHALMERS. YOU BEEN GETTING GRIEF?

CITS ARE GRUMBLING, BUT THEY'VE BEEN GENERALLY COOPERATING. NO SIGN OF CRIMINALITY.

YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR WIRES CROSSED ON THIS ONE?

WE'LL SEE. *SOMETHING'S* STILL GOT MY ANTENNAE TWITCHIN'...

THIS IS *MERRICK TURTELL*, BY THE WAY—DIRECTOR OF THE MEGAPOLITAN. HE AIN'T A HAPPY BUNNY, EITHER.

IT'S AN *OUTRAGE!* WE'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS EXHIBITION FOR THE PAST *TWO YEARS!*

...THIS IS THE FUTURE...

...TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING...

YOU'LL BE GLAD OF OUR PRESENCE, CITIZEN TURTELL, IF MY INSTINCTS ABOUT TONIGHT ARE CORRECT.

WE HAVE *AMPLE* SECURITY—YOUR PRESENCE IS RUINING OUR OPENING NIGHT!

B-BUT THIS IS A SIGNIFICANT LEVEL OF DISRUPTION BASED ON NOTHING MORE THAN A *HUNCH*—

BELIEVE ME, I DON'T DO HUNCHES...

BOZO IN THE HOOD! FREEZE!

OH, DROKK.

GRUD ON A GREENIE—!

AAAHHH!

EEEAAAHH!

HOLY... HOLY *CRAP*. CREEP WAS SOME KIND OF *PSI-BOMB*. CAN FEEL THE POWER TRYING TO WIPE MY MIND... DARKNESS STEALING IN ACROSS THE EDGES...

GONNA TAKE... ALL MY STRENGTH TO STAY *CONSCIOUS*...

LOOKS LIKE I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT D.D.

MASSIVE *PSYCHIC BLAST* KNOCKED THEM ALL OUT JUST MY MENTAL DEFENCES THAT HAVE KEPT ME UPRIGHT...

ALL UNITS, THIS IS ANDERSON!

I'M INSIDE THE MEGAPOLITAN— WE HAVE A PSI-INC DENT, MANY CASJALT.ES!

SECJRE THE SCENE AND BRING IN MED-TEAMS!

SUSPECT FOUL P.AY, POSS BLE *MUTANT* INVOLVEMENT...

WAT A SECOND...

ANDERSON— CONTROL. UNIFORMS OJTSIDE THE MUSEJM ARE NOT RESPONDING TO HAILS. WHAT'S THE SITUATION THERE?

SOMEONE'S PULLED THE PLJG ON THE WHOLE DAMN PARTY, S WHAT. MASS BLACKOUTS, W TH A VIEW TO COMM TTING A L TTLE LIGHT *ROBBERY*, IF I'M NOT M STAKEN..

...AN' I GOT THE DROP ON THE CREEPS BEHIND IT.

...AIN'T THIS GONNA BE SETTIN' OFF THE SILENT ALARM, MAN?

DON'T MATTER. SECURITY'S OUT FOR THE COUNT— NO ONE STILL CONSC OUS TO DO ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT.

COUPLE MORE SECONDS AND WE'LL BE AWAY.

I WOLLDN'T BANK ON T, BOYS

GUESS YOU DIDN'T FIGJRE ON YOUR FRIENDLY NE GHBORHOOD PS-JUDGE BEING IN THE VICINITY.

DROP THE HARDWARE.

TAKE HER OUT! NOW!

UNFF!

I GOT T! LET'S SPLIT!

UHNN... H-HEATSEEKER!

AHKK!

TREVIS—!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? WE CAN'T *LEAVE* HIM—

WE CAN'T CARRY H.M, EITHER. HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE H.S CHANCES.

TREVIS, KEEP HER *OCCUPIED*, OKAY? BJY US SOME T.ME.

UUJUHHH...

DROKK—!

—DEAD'LL HAVE TO DO.

GUK!

WANTED TO KEEP TH.S CREEP *ALIVE*, BUT HE'S NOT OFFER NG ME MUCH CHOICE—

LOOKS LIKE HIS BUDDIES HAVE FLOWN. THEY CLEARLY GOT WHATEVER IT WAS THEY CAME FOR—AND IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GNORE THE REST OF THE EXH B TS.

THIS WAS A HE ST WITH A VERY *SPECIFIC* GOAL.

LET'S SEE IF THIS TURKEY CAN SING. SHOJLD BE ENOUGH *LATENTS* LEFT N HIS MIND TO G VE ME AN IDEA OF MOT VE...

...HUH. *NOTHING*. NOT A SPARK.

I WONDER...

...*PSI-SHIELDS*, I'LL BET ENSJRED THEY WERE IMMJNE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE BLAST.

OKAY, TRY TO KEEP ME OUT OF YOUR HEAD *NOW*, PAL...

WHOA.

AND THAT'S ALL YOU COULD GLEAN?

MAGES WERE TOO FRAGMENTARY. HE SHUT DOWN FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, CHIEF—I COULD ONLY DELVE SO FAR.

THE *ALABAMA MORASS?* YOU'RE CERTAIN?

OFFICE OF JUDGE OMAR. PSI-DIVISION HEADQUARTERS.

YEP, THAT'S THE ONE SOLID I COULD PICK UP IT WAS AT THE FOREFRONT OF HIS DYING MIND, WHICH SUGGESTS T HAS S GN F CANCE. THEY WERE SWAMP-BOUND.

ANY .D. BACK ON THE STIFF YET?

YES, HE'S BEEN CONFIRMED AS *TREVIS WIMPOLE,* 38, 245/44C TODD CARTY BLOCK.

RAP SHEET AS LONG AS YOUR ARM—RELEASED SIX MONTHS AGO FROM A TEN-STRETCH FOR ARV AND AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.

STREET UNITS ARE INVEST GATING HIS KNOWN ASSOCIATES, BJT SURVEILLANCE LOST THE REST OF THE GANG THAT ESCAPED FROM THE MEGAPOLITAN.

ANDERSON, I'D APPRECIATE IT .F YOU *DIDN'T* SIT ON MY DESK.

SORRY, BOSS

YOU TH NK THEY'RE ST LL IN-CITY?

POSS B.E BJT UNLIKELY. FROM WHAT YOU SAID, ALL SIGNS PO NT TO THEM HEAD NG *SOUTH.*

PLUS THE STO.EN TEM THEY NOW HAVE IN THE R POSSESS ON INDICATES THEY'RE *LOOKING* FOR SOMETHING.

THE MUSEUM HAD UNEARTHED AN EARLY DRAFT FROM THE ARCHIVES— THE FIRST TIME IT HAD BEEN SEEN IN PUBLIC. NEEDLESS TO SAY, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HOLDS THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, AVAILABLE TO ACCESS ONLY BY THOSE WITH A HIGH LEVEL OF CLEARANCE.

WHAT WAS IT?

A *MAP.* ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SURVEYS OF THE CURSED EARTH, COLLATED AND DRAWN UP IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING THE ATOMIC WAR.

IT WAS NECESSARY IN THE WAKE OF THE DEVASTATION TO CHART WHAT REMAINED OF OUR COUNTRY, TO SEE HOW THE LANDSCAPE HAD CHANGED.

THROUGH DRONE COVERAGE AND ROBOT RECONAISSANCE, A PICTURE WAS ESTABLISHED.

SO THE PERPS *KNEW* IT WAS GOING TO BE THERE. COULD THEY HAVE HAD AN INSIDER AT THE MEGAPOLITAN?

WE'VE BEEN RUNNING THE STAFF THROUGH THE INTERROGATION CUBES SINCE THEY'VE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. SO FAR, NO EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST THAT.

THESE DON'T SEEM LIKE YOUR AVERAGE CRIMS. WHAT COULD LIE OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH THAT THEY'D BE SO INTERESTED IN? IF IT'S PREWAR STASH THEY'RE AFTER, THEY COULD'VE JUST RIPPED OFF THE MUSEUM WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE.

TALKING OF WHICH, WHAT'S THE NEWS ON OUR MYSTERY PSYKER?

NOT A LOCAL BOY.

RAD TRACES ON HIS REMAINS DIDN'T CORRESPOND TO THE IMMEDIATE AREA.

TAKE A LOOK. HERE'S THE SOUTHERN MARSHES—

SHEESH... AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIND THESE CREEPS *HOW,* EXACTLY?

MORE PERTINENTLY, *YOU* ARE, ANDERSON. WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR ALLIES IN T.C.

"HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY?*"

FIRST TIME I'VE LEFT THE CITY, BAR A FEW TRAINING EXERCISES IN THE CURSED EARTH, BACK IN THE DAY.

I CAN'T DENY THAT I'M FEELING A COMBINATION OF BOTH ANTICIPATION AND TREPIDATION. THE WORLD BEYOND THE WALLS HAD ALWAYS SEEMED SO FAR REMOVED.

THE BIG MEG—FROM INDUCTION INTO THE ACADEMY TO GRADUATION ONTO THE STREETS—HAS BEEN ALL I'VE KNOWN. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN MY ONLY FAMILY, FOR BETTER OR WORSE. IT GAVE ME A HOME, A *PURPOSE*.

I CAN REMEMBER NEXT TO NOTHING OF MY PARENTS OR WHERE I GREW UP ONCE MY PSI-TALENTS BECAME APPARENT AS AN INFANT, CLEARLY MY FUTURE PATH WAS CHOSEN FOR ME—MRS. ANDERSON'S LITTLE GIRL'S CAREER MAPPED OUT IN AN INSTANT.

STILL: STRANGE I CAN'T AT LEAST PICTURE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE, OR RECALL THEM AS PEOPLE. MY LIFE PRIOR TO THAT OF A CADET IS... *BLANK*. A DEAD SPOT IN MY PAST.

ODD.

EVEN THOUGH RELATIONSHIPS MEAN LITTLE WHEN YOU BECOME A JUDGE—YOUR LIFE IS THE LAW, YADDA, YADDA—IT'S AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS THAT I WISH I COULD KNOW THAT MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE THERE...

...TWO FRIENDLY FACES AMONGST THE TEEMING MILLIONS.

...YOU EXPER.ENCED R'DIN' ONE O' THESE, ANDERSON? ONCE WE'RE PAST *LAKE LOUISIANA*, TERRA N'S .MPASSABLE FOR TWO WHEELS OR FOUR.

BASIC PROFIC ENCY, FROM MY CADET DAYS. NEVER BEEN THIS FAR INTO THE BOONDOCKS TO PRACT SE IT.

WE'LL GET AS FAR AS WE CAN INTO THE MORASS BY SKIMMER, BJT WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD OFF ON FOOT THE DEEPER WE GO. AREA GROWS MORE KNOTTY BY THE DAY—AND MORE DANGEROUS.

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START THE PERPS HAVE GOT ON US?

AT LEAST A DAY, MAYBE MORE. PLJS THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR—I GOT NOTH.NG BUT WHAT I COLLD PICK JP FROM A DEAD CREEP'S SKLLL.

WHICH I GUESS IS WHERE I COME IN, HM?

JOVIS..

YEAH, KINDA INTIM DATING, A N'T T? NO JSE EMPLOYIN' H-WAGONS TO RJN AERIAL *INFRA-RED SCANS*, E THER—SO MUCH WILDLIFE RUNN N' RAMPANT N THERE, WE'D NEVER PINPO NT HUMAN HEAT SOURCES.

LONG-RANGE SJRVEILLANCE P CKED UP A DISTURBANCE OVER .N THE *SOUTHEAST QUADRANT*, BJT THAT'S AS FAR AS IT CAN BE NARROWED DOWN

GONNA BE JJST THE TWO OF US AGAINST *THAT.*

JOY.

SO HOW DOES THIS WORK THEN, DEGROOT? THE PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY?

WE NEED TO SET DOWN FIRST. I HAVE TO GET A SENSE O' THE LAND.

YOU ALWAYS HAD THE POWER? SINCE YOU WERE A JIVE, I MEAN?

OMAR TOLD ME YOU WERE T.C.'S ONLY PRACTITIONER—MADE YOU SOMETHING OF A STAR IN PSI-D.V.

YEAH, BEEN AWARE OF IT FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. USED TA WALK THE CITY STREETS ON MY OWN, FEEL MYSELF INFLUENCIN' THE WORLD AROUND ME—T.C. USED TA OPEN UP, SHOW ME EVERY DARK CORNER, EVERY SECRET

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I USED TA USE IT TO MY *ADVANTAGE*, REALISED I COULD HIDE FROM THE JAYS WHEN I NEEDED TO. THE CITY WAS A LIVING, BREATHING ENTITY THAT I COULD GET ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH WITH. IT'D TALK TO ME, IN EFFECT. HELP ME.

I WAS GIVEN A CHOICE O' THE CJBES OR *RECRUITMENT*. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SAW A TALENT THAT COULD BE A USEFUL RESOURCE

MY SKILL'S IN READING HOW THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT REFLECTS THE PSYCHE O' THE HUMANS THAT INHABIT IT. I CAN SENSE CHANGE, FEAR, AND DISTRESS.. FINDIN' PEOPLE BECAME MY SPECALTY.

SO LET'S SEE IF WE CAN TRACK DOWN YOUR BAD GUYS, HUH?

DOES IT WORK OUT HERE IN GRJD-KNOWS-WHERE?

PR NCIPLE'S THE SAME. YOU FOLLOW YOUR NOSE; LET THE LAND TAKE YOU WHERE IT MAY. YOU'LL START TO RECOGNISE THE S GNS, THE *PATTERNS*...

HEY, I APPREC ATE A STROLL THROUGH A RAD-SWAMP AS MJCH AS ANYONE, BUT WE'RE K.NDA ON THE CLOCK HERE. THE MORASS S A BIG PLACE— WHERE DO WE START?

PATIENCE, ANDERSON. I'M ALREADY PLUGGED N. JUST SENSIN' THE SHAPE O' THE AREA AROUND ME ..

...GIV N' ME A *ROUTE*

KEEP AN EYE OJT, WOULD YOU? ALL SORTSA CRITTERS MAKIN' THE R HOME HERE.

YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA...?

YOU WANT THESE MEATHEADS TRACKED, I GOTTA LET MY INST NCTS TAKE OVER.

JUST KEEP YOUR LAWGIVER PRIMED AN' FOLLOW MY LEAD.

AW, DROKK ME.

REMIND ME AGAIN WHY THEY DIDN'T SEE FIT TO PROVIDE US WITH A *HEAVILY ARMED TAC-SQUAD AS BACKUP?*

THE MORE BODIES THERE ARE ON THE GROUND, THE MORE IT INTERFERES WITH MY ABILITY TO CHANNEL THE ENVIRONMENT.

TOO MANY COMPETING CONSCIOUSNESSES —I NEED TO KEEP MY MIND CLEAR

OF COURSE.

DEGROOT, I'M GETTING A TINGLE OF SOMETHING BEHIND US...

FAIRLY SURE THE PERPS ARE STILL SOME WAY AHEAD—

NO, I DON'T THINK IT'S HUMAN.

STOMM—!

GRJDDAMMIT— S E. ROUNDS HAVING NO EFFECT!

OKAY, CHUM, LET'S SEE YOU EAT *ARMOUR-PIERCING—*

UHHNF!

DEGROOT! TAKE THIS SUCKER OUT—

DEGROOT...?

YES?

WE HAVE THE PRODUCTS, SIR. PREPPING FOR DUST-OFF IN TEN.

ANY PROBLEMS?

NOTHING WE COULDN'T HANDLE.

WE'RE, UH, AWARE THAT A PAIR OF JUDGES ARE ON OUR TAIL, SIR.

DO NOT ENGAGE SANITISE THE AREA AND GET BACK HERE.

SECTOR 6, MEGA-CITY ONE.

SANITISE? WHAT, ALL OF THEM?

EVERY LAST ONE. LEAVE NONE STANDING. RAZE THE SETTLEMENT TO THE GROUND.

COPY THAT, MR. ASHBERRY, S.R.

2:A

WRITTEN BY MATT HALEY

FUNNY THE WAY YOUR DAY TURNS OUT. YOU CAN F.ND YOURSELF .N SITUATIONS YOU WOJLD NEVER HAVE ANTIC.PATED WHEN YOU CRAWLED OUT OF BED THAT MORN.NG.

OF COURSE, THE CYN CS MIGHT REMARK: "YOJ'RE THE DROKKIN' *PSYCHIC*, ANDERSON—HOW DID YOU *NOT* KNOW WHAT WAS IN STORE?"

IT'S A FA.R POINT, TO WHICH I'D ARGJE THAT IF THE WORLD WORKED THAT WAY, I'D BE GRUDDAMNED *BULLETPROOF*, FORESEE.NG EVERY EVENTJAL TY AND S DESTEPPING THEM ACCORD.NGLY.

SUFFICE TO SAY, I AM MOST CERTA NLY *NOT* BULLETPROOF.

COME ON.. I'VE INFLJENCED BIGGER BRA.NS THAN YOURS, YOL OVERGROWN GECKO ..

YOJ'RE NOT HUNGRY... YOJ'VE LOST YOUR APPETITE..

YEAH, THAT A.N'T WORKING.

HLH. ALL THINGS CONS DERED, I NEVER SAW *THIS* END COMING—

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

MOTHER OF GRJD.

SORRY IF I GAVE YOU A FR GHT, DISAPPEAR N' LIKE THAT.

I FIGURED THE HEAVY WEAPONS WERE OUR BEST BET.

JOVUS, DEGROOT, KINDA CUTT NG IT F NE, WEREN'T YOU?

WASN'T SJRE IF YOU HAD THE S TUATION IN HAND. D DN'T WANT YOL TA TH NK I WAS NEEDLESSLY PLLL.N' YOJR FAT OUTTA THE F RE.

OH YEAH, FAT MOST *DEFINITELY* PULLED.

THANKS, BY THE WAY. I'M USED TO WORK NG MY SPELL ON TWO-LEGGED CREEPS RATHER THAN FOUR—MEGA-CITY WILDLIFE TENDS TO BE MORE EAS.LY SUGGESTIBLE.

YOUR LAWGIVER OKAY?

YEAH, FORTUNATELY. RECKON I'M GOING TO NEED T .F THAT'S A TASTE OF WHAT WE CAN EXPECT OUT HERE

HOW FAR WE GOT TO GO?

CAN'T SAY FOR SJRE, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. SWAMP IS GONNA BE F GHTIN' US EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

I'M WONDER N' IF THERE'S A WAY TO MAKE OURSELVES LESS OF A TARGET BY.. POOL N' OLR *RESOURCES*, AS IT WERE.

TAP INTO MY TELEPATHY, YOJ MEAN?

A COMBINATION OF THAT, AN' YOUR PSI-POWERS BOOSTIN' MINE.

SEE IF I CAN SHOW THE MORASS WHAT WAS 'N YOUR PERP'S HEAD, AN' HOPE IT'LL TALK TO ME, REGARD US NOT AS ENEM ES.

YOU CAN DO THAT?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAK.N'. BRING OJT THE MAP O' THE AREA FROM YOJR DEPARTMENT ARCH VES.

HERE. YOU DONE THIS BEFORE?

MAYBE NOT .N THIS KINDA ENV.RONMENT, BJT THE PRINC.PLE'S THE SAME—JUST GOTTA FEEL YOUR WAY THROJGH EVERY CHANNEL, PATH, AN' AVENUE, ALLOW THE GEOGRAPHY TO GUIDE YOU...

.. AN' WITH YOU ACTIN' AS MY *FOCUS*...

"...LET THE LAND BRING JS TO OUR DESTINATION."

WE SLOUGH OFF OUR PHYS CAL FORMS AND RELEASE OLR M.NDS, DEGROOT EFFECTIVELY LEAD NG ME AS WE ATTJNE OJRSELVES TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE MORASS.

WE SLIP THROUGH ITS *LIFE-WEB* LIKE SPIRITS SEEK NG A HOME.

THOSE TWO BJRN NG EYES I SAW IN THE STIFF'S HEAD BACK AT THE MEGAPOLITAN HEIST ACT AS OUR *COMPASS*. THE SWAMP DRAWS US CLOSER, THRJMM NG WITH RECOGNITION.

I CAN HEAR THE T.C. PS-JUDGE COERC NG AN ANSWER FROM THE GREEN EVEN AS SHE LEADS JS ON A SEEMINGLY RANDOM ROUTE SOON PATTERNS COALESCE, *ACCEPTANCE* EMERGES FROM *CHAOS*.

THE MORASS *WELCOMES* US, OPEN NG UP AND REVEALING TS SECRETS. WE CAST OLR NET WIDER, PUSHING DEEPER INTO THIS HEART OF DARKNESS...

...UNTIL WE FIND THE HORROR AWAITING US AT ITS CENTRE.

IT TAKES BUT A SECOND TO REALISE THAT THE PSYCHIC MUTANT AT THE MUSEUM HAD BEEN FROM THE SAME FAMILY.

EVEN THOUGH THE CREEPS RESPONSIBLE HAVE GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO TORCH THE SETTLEMENT, THE SIMILARITY IS UNMISTAKABLE.

THEY'D TRACKED DOWN WHAT THEY'D NEEDED THE MAP FOR... AND THEN *DESTROYED* IT. WHY?

A MUTANT PEOPLE, MASSACRED.

THEY WEREN'T ARMED, THERE CLEARLY HADN'T BEEN A STRUGGLE HERE—THEY'D BEEN BRUTALLY AND COLD-BLOODEDLY WIPED OUT.

I REACH INTO THEIR DEAD MINDS TO GLEAN SOME ANSWERS, BUT IT'S A COLD VOID INSIDE THEIR SKULLS. THEY'VE BEEN GONE TOO LONG.

EXCEPT. A FLICKER OF LIFE TUGS MY ATTENTION...

HEY.

DON'T BE AFRAID. I WON'T HURT YOU.

I'M NOT EVEN HERE IN THE, JH, CONVENTIONAL SENSE.

YOU... WHAT *ARE* YOU?

THINK OF ME AS A FRIENDLY SPIRIT. I'M JUST SORRY I COULDN'T HAVE GOT HERE SOONER TO SAVE YOUR PEOPLE.

ARE YOU IN PAIN? CAN YOU COME OUT OF THERE?

...DON'T WANT TO.

THAT'S OKAY, THAT'S OKAY. STAY WHERE YOU FEEL SAFE

THE BAD GUYS HAVE GONE NOW. THERE'S NO ONE HERE WHO CAN HURT YOU.

WHAT'S YOJR NAME?

R... RAMI.

I'M *DYING*, AREN'T I? Y-YOU'RE AN ANGEL OF GRLD COME FOR ME—

NO, RAM.. I'M A MEGA-CITY JJDGE HJNTING THE MEN WHO D D TH S TO YOU AND YOJR FAM LY. I NEED TO F ND OUT WHY THEY WERE HERE.

THEY... THEY C-CAME IN THE R SHIP...

WE COULDN'T... COULDN'T STOP THEM...

SSHH. NO NEED TO TALK.

JJST RELAX, AND I'LL TAKE A LOOK.

I ALMOST INSTANTLY REGRET DOING SO. THE JUVE'S MIND IS A CAULDRON OF TERROR AS HE BORE WITNESS TO THE DECIMATION OF HIS SETTLEMENT.

THE MEGA-CITY MEN SHOWED NO MERCY, NO RESTRAINT, AS THEY PUT THE MUTANTS TO THE TORCH. CLEARLY THEY'D INTENDED TO LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

BUT THEY DIDN'T KILL THEM *ALL*. RAMI SAW AT LEAST FIVE OF HIS PEOPLE MARCHED INTO THE CREEPS' SHUTTLE AND WHISKED AWAY.

PRESUMABLY THAT WAS WHAT THE PERPS WERE AFTER IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND THE OTHERS BUTCHERED TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.

WHAT WAS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THEM? INDEED, HOW WERE THE CRIMS AWARE THESE POOR SAPS WERE *HERE* IN THE FIRST PLACE?

AND WHY AM I HEARING THE NAME *'ASHBERRY'*?

RAMI... I'M SO SORRY.. BELIEVE ME, I WILL FIND THE MEN WHO DID THIS, AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE

CAN I ASK, THOSE THEY TOOK—DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY SINGLED THEM OUT?

THE *SCARIFIED*... THEY MUST'VE KNOWN WHAT THEY CAN DO...

SCARIFIED?

LIKE THIS.

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY OTHERS BORN SINCE ME. BUT IT HAPPENS ONCE EVERY FEW YEARS.

I MUST'VE PASSED THEM BY.

ANDERSON, THE ENERGY'S WANING. WE HAVE TO RETURN.

WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM—

I'LL RADIO IN A MED-TEAM TO EXTRACT HIM. NOW I KNOW THE COORDINATES HE'LL BE OKAY.

I'M NOT SO SURE.

WITHIN SECONDS, WE'RE BACK, OUR TETHERED PSYCHIC FORMS REELED .N—

—BUT T FEELS *DIFFERENT*, LIKE SOMETHING'S P GGYBACKED ON OUR RETURN. I'M NEVER ENTIRELY ALONE N MY HEAD AT THE BEST OF T MES, BUT EVEN SO... THERE'S DEF NITELY A LITTLE LESS ROOM THAN THERE USED TO BE.

UH, DEGROOT?

NO SHORTAGE OF V SITORS ALL OVER—

LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

"CIVILISATION'S CALLING."

HEY, DREDD.

ANDERSON. LAST I HEARD YOU WERE EMPTYING ALABAMA SWAMPWATER OUT OF YOUR BOOTS.

YEAH. IT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT TO ADMIT I'M GLAD TO BE BACK IN THE B G MEG. THIS K ND OF JUNGLE I CAN COPE WITH.

LOT TO BE SA D FOR "BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW."

WHAT YOU GOT GOING ON HERE?

GL B GLIBB NS BEEN OPERAT NG AN EXTORT ON AND PROTECT ON RACKET OUT BACK.

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

PERPS I CHASED SOUTH K DNAPPED MEMBERS OF A MUTANT CLAN, SLAJGHTERED THE OTHERS. FROM WHAT I GLEANED FROM THE ONLY SURVIVING WITNESS, THE CREEPS REFERRED TO SOMEONE CALLED ASHBERRY.

I RAN THE NAME THROUGH M.A.C., AND I FLAGGED AN OLD CASE OF YOURS—FROM QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO, IN FACT.

THE TIME JOB. I REMEMBER.

THE REPORT WAS LIGHT ON DETA LS ABOUT H M. WHAT WAS THE OUTCOME OF THAT? INVESTIGAT ON IS STILL L STED AS OPEN.

MEATHEAD REMAINS AT LARGE. HE WAS USING T ME TECH AND A MUTANT PSI TO R P OFF *PARALLEL REALITIES* ATTEMPTED THE SAME THING HERE N *2080*—JUVES IN SECTOR 6 EXHIBITED UNPRECDENTED PSYCHIC ABILITIES, SENT THEM ON A LOOT NG FRENZY.

SINCE HE WAS ROBBING THE PAST, WE HAD TO ASSUME HE WAS OPERATING FROM AN UNSPEC F ED FJTURE. BEEN WAITING FOR H M TO APPEAR BACK ON OUR RADAR...

DREDD!

DREDD, YOU FREAKIN' DROKKWAD!

PLEASURE AS ALWAYS, GLUBBINS.

THIS IS HARRASSMENT! YOU JACKBOOTED ASSHOLES GOT NO RIGHT TA DO THIS!

THE STACK OF EV.DENCE AGA.NST YOU SAYS OTHERWISE TAKE H M AWAY, BERRY.

YOU TH NK IT'S THE SAME GJY?

ALMOST CERTAINLY. THE FACT THAT TH S ASHBERRY'S GOT H S MEN CHAS.NG DOWN MUTIES OUT IN THE MORASS SOUNDS TO ME L.KE HE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS.

OR *NEW* TRICKS, DEPENDING WHERE WE ARE ON THE TIMEL NE, I GLESS. MAN, THIS STJFF CAN SEND YOU MENTAL...

H-H-H-G!!!

HOLD THAT THOUGHT, ANDERSON.

HRRRR!

UNF!

HEY.

UHHHHH...

GNN!

WHAT DID YOU DISTRACT H.M WITH?

...JST PULLED OJT OF HIS HEAD THE THING THAT'S BEEN HAUNTING HIS DREAMS SINCE HE WAS A JUVE. PROJECTIONS ARE A CINCH ON THE SLOW-WITTED.

WELL... APPREC ATE THE ASSIST.

HELP THE ELDERLY, THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

THESE ALABAMA MJTANTS TALENTED, TOO?

I BELIEVE SO. ONE FROM THE SAME CLAN BLACKED OJT THE MEGAPOL TAN WHEN IT WAS RAIDED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO MY WITNESS SA D THE SWAMP PERPS WERE ONLY INTERESTED IN *'THE SCARIFIED'*.

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, HIS MEN SA D HE RAN THE S X SECTORS. SPOKE OF H M LIKE HE TERR FIED THEM.

ASHBERRY? HA! YOU D JMB MJTTS! ASHBERRY'S A *MYTH*, MAN! A *FREAKIN' GHOST!*

I WANT YOUR OP NION, DIRTBALL, I'LL ASK FOR IT—

WAIT, DREDD. LET HIM SPEAK. WHAT HAVE YOJ HEARD?

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW COME THIS ASHBERRY HASN'T MADE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN BEFORE NOW.

CREEP MJST HAVE SOME KIND OF SCHEME TO PULL THESE JOBS OFF.

DROKK YOU. WHY SHOJLD I TELL YOU PIGS ANYTH.N'?

BECAUSE I'M A PSI-JUDGE AND I'LL TWIST YOUR DROKK N' BRAIN UNTIL YOU SEE STARS, OKAY?

I'LL FILL YOUR HEAD WITH ***BROKEN GLASS*** AND ***NIGHTMARES*** SO YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO CLOSE YOUR EYES WITHOUT PISSING YOUR JOCKS IN FEAR.

YOU WANT A TASTE OF THAT, I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

OH YEAH?

OH YEAH.

H-HEY, MAN, IT'S COOL, OKAY? N-NO NEED TO GET HEAVY.

SPILL.

S'JUST WHAT I ***HEARD***, ALL RIGHT? THE OUTFITS, THE MOB BOSSES, THE GANGS-- THEY ALL ***ANSWER*** TO H.M.

NO ONE'S SEEN H.M, NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHIN' ABOUT HIM, BUT HIS REP IS HE RUNS THE CENTRAL SECTORS WITH AN IRON DROKK N' FIST, MAN.

IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT EVEN THE MOST LOWDOWN, SCARY-ASSED PSYCHO IS FRIGHTENED OF, IT'S THE NAME ASHBERRY.

AN UNDERWORLD BOOGEYMAN.

MAYBE. HE BELIEVED IT, AT ANY RATE—D'DN'T NEED TO READ HIS MIND TO GAUGE THAT. YOU THINK IT'S ALL SMOKE AND MIRRORS?

CRIMS GOSSIP, TELL STORIES LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. RUMOURS AND URBAN LEGENDS ARE INFLATED INTO TRUTH.

COULD BE A CONFLATION OF DIFFERENT MOB FIGURES COULD BE HE'S A FANTASY CREATED TO KEEP THE RANKS IN LINE.

REAL OR NOT, ASHBERRY'S UNDOJBTEDLY BUILDING TOWARDS SOMETH.NG.

THE MJSEJM ROBBERY LED H M TO THE MJTANTS, WH CH HE NOW HAS AT HIS DISPOSA.— POTENTIA.LY ***PSYCHICALLY POWERFUL MUTANTS***, AT THAT..

YEP, TROUBLE'S BREW NG, IF I'M ANY JUDGE.

YOU THINK YOU CAN GET CLOSE TO HIM?

I NEED TO HEAR WHAT THE WORD ON THE SLAB IS, FIND OJT MORE ABOJT THE CREEP.

THINK I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH ***ZOLLER***, SEE WHAT HE KNOWS THANKS FOR YOJR HELP, DREDD.

HEY, ANDERSON— ***YOU*** WERE BORN .N 2080, RIGHT? SECTOR 6, HEIGHT OF THE R OTS?

SO I WAS TOLD WHY DO YOU ASK?

...NEVER MIND. JUST THINKING ALOJD.

—ARKENUS IS ON THE ROPES, FOLKS! HE'S TAKIN' A HELLUVA BEATIN'! THAT ARM'S ONLY HANGIN' BY A THREAD NOW—I CAN'T SEE HIM GETT'N' BACK FROM THIS ONE!

OOOH! AND CALL-ME-CLAJD US IS WHALING AWAY ON ARKENUS—HE'S NOT LETTING UP! THOSE 200-POUND FISTS ARE *DEMOLISHING* HIM!

SURELY IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE—

YES— THERE IT IS! TKO!

WHAT A FINISH!

ILLEGAL *SCRAPS* LIKE THESE ARE ALL OVER THE CITY—STOLEN CONSTRUCT ON DRO DS REPROGRAMMED FOR GLADIATOR AL BOUTS. ON A GOOD NIGHT THE BOOKIES CAN RAKE N UP TO 50K.

JJST CE DEPARTMENT TOLERATES THEM BECAJSE THEY'RE A NATJRAL MAGNET FOR CRIMINAL ELEMENTS, AND RELAT.VELY EASY TO *INFILTRATE*.

GOSS.P PASSES THROUGH THE STANDS L KE A BAD HOTTIE. .

NEXT JP, FIGHT-FANS: *DIAMOND RON* VERSJS *MECHABLAST!*

I GOT FIVE LARGE ON RON.

WORD IS, HE'S BEEN PUNCHING WAY BELOW HIS FORM RECENTLY.

BJT HE'S A SJRV VOR. KNOWS HOW TO KEEP H S HEAD DOWN AND OUTLAST HIS OPPONENT.

WOJLDN'T YOU AGREE, ZOLLER?

DON'T OFTEN SEE YOU OJTTA JNIFORM, CASS. WHAT BR NGS YOU SLUMM.NG IT WITH *WALLY SQUAD?*

YOUR TEAM ARE AT THE COALFACE. FIGJRED F I NEEDED JNDERWORLD NFO, YOL WERE MY BEST CONTACT.

THERE MANY MADE GUYS PRESENT AT THESE GATHERINGS?

NO QUEST ON OF THAT THE SCRAP SCENE IS PRETTY MUCH *ALL* MOB-FJNDED YOU GOT SOMEONE IN MIND?

YEAH, BUT HE WON'T BE HERE.

JUST WONDERED IF YOU'D HEARD THE BOSSES MENTION H M: *ASHBERRY.*

ASHBERRY? YOU SER OUS?

OF COURSE—

ASHBERRY'S THE GRJDDAMNED *DEVIL* TO THESE PEOPLE! THE MAN THEY ALL TH NK THEY ANSWER TO!

THE JUDGES DON'T MAKE THESE DROKKERS SWEAT, BJT A MENT ON OF *HIS* NAME SURE WILL.

HOW HAS THIS CREEP NEVER BEEN INVESTIGATED BEFORE? AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY *'THINK'* THEY ANSWER TO H M? DOES HE EXIST OR NOT?

NO ONE KNOWS, THAT'S HIS POWER. YOU CAN'T CONV.CT A RUMOUR. IF THE CRIMS AREN'T SJRE, HOW CAN *WE* BE?

ASHBERRY'S REAL, I'LL BET MY BADGE ON IT— AND HE'S PLANN.NG SOMETH NG. SOMETHING *BIG*, MAYBE.

I WANT TO TAKE HIM DOWN, ZOLLER, AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO DO IT. .

*. WE'RE GO NG TO PLL TH S CITY APART IF WE HAVE TO, BJT WE'RE GO NG TO *FIND* H.M AND NA L H M TO THE WALL!"

3:A

COVER BY MATT HALLY

SO YOU TH NK THIS IS, WHAT, SOME KINDA STUNT?

I DON'T KNOW NJTTIN' FER SURE, BJT MY BOYS TOL' ME THE D NK LIT JP L KE A GRJDDAMN CHR STMAS TREE. I MEAN, *BOOM!*

NEXT THING, EVERYONE'S ON THE FLOOR, KNOCKED COLD.

S' A MAGIC TRICK, SAL. MISDIRECTION. A WHADDYACALLIT, AN *ILLUSION.*

SOME ILLJSION THAT MADE *EIGHTY THOU* D SAPPEAR FROM FRAGMELLI'S SAFE ACROSS THE SKED!

LOU, IT WEREN'T NO CO NCIDENCE THAT THIS SAP L GHTS LP OJTSIDE A KNOWN MONEY LAJNDERER. *THAT* WAS WHAT HE WAS AFTER.

IF HE KNEW WHAT KINDA GREEN FRAGMELL WAS HOLD N', THEN HE HAD TO HAVE BEEN WORK N' FER ONE OF THE OUTFITS

EVERYONE'S A NORM NEXT TO YOU, ZOOT, YA BJCKET-HEADED FREAK!

KNOCK KNOCK, BOZOS!

THIS IS A BUST!

WHAT THE HELL—?

YOU A N'T GOT NO R GHT TO COME STORMIN' IN—

WE'VE GOT EVERY RIGHT, CONSTANZA, SO SHUT YOUR HOLE.

JUDG NG BY THE LEVEL OF ILLEGAL ACTIVITY GO N' ON HERE, YOU GOT ZERO DROKKIN' CAUSE FOR COMPLA.NT.

S NCE WHEN IS IT A CRIME FOR BUS NESSMEN TO MEET—

WHEN THEY'RE CONSUMING TOBACCO OUTS DE A SMOKATORIUM, FOR A START. THAT'S THREE MONTHS RIGHT THERE, CHUM.

FIGURE WE WON'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR FOR A FEW OTHER INDISCRET ONS.

BITCH, YOU MADE A SERIOUS M.STAKE—

UNWISE. VERY UNWISE.

TONY... NO. STAND DOWN.

YEAH, DO WHAT YOUR BOSS SAYS AND KEEP QUIET.

'DULTS TALKING HERE

CARE TO EXPLAIN THE CONTENTS OF THESE CONTAINERS, CITIZEN?

WHAT WE GOT, HOCKLEY?

DECOMMISS ONED WAR-DRO D PARTS, MOST.Y. STACK OF FIR NG P NS. ALL LOOK EX-MIL.TARY.

HEY, IT'S LEGITIMATE *SALVAGE*—

OH, AND I'M SJRE YOU'VE GOT THE PAPERWORK TO BACK IT UP, AM I R GHT? WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE SERIAL NJMBERS, SEE IF THEY MATCH?

WHERE THEY HEADED FOR, ANWAY? MONGOLIAN FREE ZONE? SOME FR ENDS IN SINO? YOU OPEN NG A LITTLE TRADE WITH THE *SOVS* BEHIND OUR BACK, SAL?

YOU KNOW THE K ND OF SENTENCE YOU CAN EXPECT FOR SJPPLY NG MUNITIONS TO TH S CITY'S ENEMIES?

WE'RE CRACK NG DOWN ON YOUR OPERATIONS, CONSTANZA—YOU AND YOUR CAPOS FURTHER UP THE FOOD CHA.N CAN'T HIDE ANYTH.NG FROM ME.

I WANT DETA LS, YOJ JNDERSTAND? I WANT *NAMES*.

I WANT ASHBERRY.

PSI-DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, TWELVE HOURS EARLIER.

YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING, ANDERSON?

I DON'T BELIEVE I PHRASED T AS A *REQUEST*, BOSS—BUT YES, YES, I KNOW THE DR LL. THE CREEP'S SUPPOSED TO BE A GHOST, A RUMOUR.

DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T TAKE H M DOWN.

HM. DENNIS, WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON TH S?

I HAVE TO SAY, I'VE BEEN SECTOR ONE CH EF FOR THE PAST HALF DOZEN YEARS, AND THE NAME DOES CROP UP EVERY FEW MONTHS—

—A MOB SNUFF HERE, AN UNCOVERED DRJGS FACTORY THERE.

ASHBERRY CIRCLES THEM LIKE THE SP.R T OF THE UNDERWORLD

BJT DO I BELIEVE HE'S REAL? NO. HE'S AN JRBAN LEGEND.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, S R, THERE'S A SLAUGHTERED MUTANT TRIBE OJT IN THE *ALABAMA MORASS* THAT WOULD D SAGREE. MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN D ED *DIRECTLY* ON HIS ORDER.

YOU HAVE IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF THIS?

HIS NAME WAS ALL OVER THE LATENTS I READ.

LATENTS? HARDLY DEFINITE PROOF OF HIS EXISTENCE

THE FACT THAT THE MEN CARRYNG OUT THE DEED THOUGHT THEY WERE WORKNG FOR ASHBERRY DOESN'T MEAN THEY WERE.

IT'S ALL LOWLIFE SCUTTLEBUTT, OMAR. DON'T LET THIS... ENTHUSIASTIC JUNIOR OFFICER PERSUADE YOU OTHERWISE

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL ASHBERRY, SECTOR CHIEF FALK? *"THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS"* HE'S OUT THERE RIGHT NOW SECRETLY RUNNNG CRIME IN CENTRAL—*YOUR* TERRITORY, SIR—AND BECAUSE HE REMAINS AT LARGE YOU REFUSE TO ADMIT HE EXISTS!

THAT'S ENOUGH, ANDERSON.

KINDA PUTS A BLOT ON YOUR ARREST QUOTAS, DOESN'T IT?

I SAID, *ENOUGH!*

DENNIS, ANDERSON IS HEADSTRONG AND FLIPPANT, BUT SHE'S PROBABLY OUR MOST POWERFUL TELEPATH, REGARDLESS OF HER YOUTH HER INSTINCTS HAVE BEEN UNVARIABLY ON THE MONEY.

WHETHER THE MAN IS REAL OR NOT, IT'S CLEAR THAT NO ONE IMAGINED THE INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED ON HAWTREY PLAZA A FEW HOURS AGO.

SAME M.O. AS THE MEGAPOLITAN HEIST—PSI-BLAST BLACKS OUT A COUPLE OF STREETS, PERPS MOVE IN FOR THE SPOILS. IT'S *GOT* TO BE HIM.

'CEPT THE MEATHEAD THAT BLEW UP WASN'T A MUTANT—JUST A REGULAR CIT WITH ONE MINOR PRIOR. NOTHING TO SUGGEST HE WAS GANG-AFFILIATED OR EVEN PSYCHIC.

UNSUSPECTING PSI-BOMBERS, REMOTELY DETONATED.

SO WHAT IF... WHAT IF THE SCARIFIED CAN PASS THEIR TALENTS ON, MAYBE JUST BY CONTACT...?

"THE SCARIFIED"?

THE MUTANTS THAT WERE ABDJCTED FROM THEIR SETTLEMENT— A SURVIVOR CALLED THEM THAT ON ACCOJNT OF A PRONOUNCED PATTERN ON THE R NECKS.

A GENETIC STRAIN OF THE SAME TRIBE, I'M THINKING, THAT'S PSYCHICALLY HIGHLY POWERFUL.

THEY WERE TAKEN FOR *JUST* THAT REASON, TO BE USED AS PS-BOMBS LIKE THE CREEP IN THE MJSEJM. HOW THE PERPS WERE AWARE OF THEM, AND KNEW WHAT THEY WERE CAPABLE OF, I'M NOT SURE ..

.. BJT IT MAY WELL BE POSS BLE THEY CAN ***TRANSFER*** THEIR POWERS TO JOE PUBLIC, TOO, SET THEM TO GO OFF AT ANY TIME, LIKE THE POOR CLUELESS SPUG TON GHT.

YOU TH NK THERE'S GO NG TO BE MORE OF THESE PS-BOMBS WALKING AROUND?

I'D STAKE MY BADGE ON IT, CH EF, THAT'S WHAT ASHBERRY'S DOING—HE'S BUILDING TO SOMETH NG, SOME CONCERTED ASSAULT.

I RECKON HE'S TRYING TO EXPAND, FLND HIS EMPIRE-BUILDING.

AND YOL BELIEVE YOU CAN STOP HIM?

ASHBERRY'S GREATEST ASSET IS HIS ***ANONYMITY***—I WANT TO RILE HIM ENOLGH TO BR NG HIM INTO THE L GHT. I HAVE ZOLLER IN LNDERCOVER FEEDING ME INFO FROM THE SLAB. I HAVE A L ST OF CRIMINAL TARGETS I WANT TO GO AFTER.

WE SHAKE THE TREE, SEE WHAT FALLS OUT. THEN WE STAMP ON THE DROKKERS.

ON YOUR WORD, S.R.

OMAR'S WORD WAS: GO.

THIS IS THE TENTH CRIM NAL HAUNT I'VE NOW HIT, AND THE ISO-CUBES ARE FILLING UP.

DOUBTFUL WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD THE STAFF FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. CONSTANZA WAS FULLY LICENSED UP.

DOUBLE-CHECK THE DANCERS' V SAS, AND RUN THE R BLOOD THROUGH TOXICOLOGY. MORE THAN LIKELY THEY'LL BE ON SOMETH NG.

THE BOSS-MAN WILL BE LAWYERED TO THE HILT, YOU KNOW THAT, R GHT? GO NG TO BE TOUGH TO MAKE A CHARGE STICK.

EVEN THE SMOK NG?

AH, THEY'LL CLAIM PERSECUT ON, OBFUSCATE TILL IT'S REDUCED TO A FINE. HE'LL WALK.

SAL'S A MEANS TO AN END, THAT'S ALL. IT'S THE INCONVENIENCE WE CAUSE THAT'S THE MA N THING RATHER THAN SECUR NG A CONV CT ON. IT'S ALL GOING TO F LTER UP.

TO ASHBERRY? DANGEROUS ENEMY TO MAKE. EVEN THE PUNKS SOIL THE R Us AT THE MERE MENTION OF H S NAME.

OH, HE'LL FIND I'M MADE OF MUCH STERNER STUFF...

"...I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF."

YES?

WE'VE JUST HAD WORD, SIR—CONSTANZA'S CLUB'S BEEN SHUT DOWN, ALL ASSETS SEIZED.

...I SEE. THAT'S, WHAT, CLOSE TO A DOZEN BUSINESSES IN THE PAST EIGHT HOURS NOW NO LONGER TRADING?

AT LAST COUNT, SIR, YES.

WOULD YOU COME IN HERE, PLEASE, PATTERSON?

MR. ASHBERRY, S-SIR, I—

SSHH. BE CALM AND LISTEN. THE JUDGES ARE UP TO SOMETHING.

THIS IS MORE THAN JUST A CONCENTRATED BLITZ—IT'S *PROVOCATION*. THEY'RE SENDING A MESSAGE.

I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE REMISS OF ME NOT TO SEND ONE BACK.

WE STILL HAVE A FEW FRIENDS IN THE GRAND HALL. FIND OUT WHO'S LEADING THIS WITCH-HUNT. ORGANISE THE TORPEDOES AND TARGET ACCORDINGLY. I THINK THE TEST RUN WENT WELL ENOUGH FOR THEM TO BE ROLLED OUT.

YES, SIR.

NOW TURN AROUND, PATTERSON

PLEASE, SIR, I DON'T—

NOW.

THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME YOU BRING ME BAD NEWS, IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

I... UNDERSTAND, SIR.

THE UNDERWORLD IS JUMPING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PSYCHIC TO PICK UP ON THE *PANIC* SPREADING THROUGH THE RANKS.

THERE'S UNEASE ETCHED ON THE PERPS' FACES AS WE RELENTLESSLY POUND AWAY ON THEIR CRIMINAL FORTRESS.

I OFFER THEM A PERSONAL PREDICTION OF THEIR FUTURES AND IT'S UNMISTAKABLY CUBE-SHAPED.

THE SLAB IS AWASH WITH RUMOUR...

WHAT YOU GOT FOR ME, ZOL?

A LOTTA SERIOUSLY *DROKKED-OFF* OUTFITS, IS WHAT. YOU'RE CRIMPING A LOTTA PEOPLE'S PROFITS.

PUSHERS ARE DITCHIN' PRODUCT, SCARED THEY'LL BE CAUGHT HOLDIN'. SHARKS ARE SHUTTIN' UP SHOP IN CASE THEY'RE RAIDED. CENTRAL'S NEVER LOOKED SO CLEAN.

BUT NO MENTION OF ASHBERRY

ME NEITHER. I'M SCANNING THE CREEPS' MINDS, BUT HE'S JUST A BACKGROUND PRESENCE— INTANGIBLE, LIKE THE FEAR OF GRUD.

HE'S GOTTA BE FEELING THIS, THOUGH.

NO QUESTION OF THAT. NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF HOW *HARD* YOU PUSH BEFORE YOU GET A REACTION...

"...AND WHETHER YOU WANNA *RISK* IT"

CUT OFF SUPPLY AND THE HEAD WILL DIE—OR AT LEAST THE HEAD WILL FIGHT TO SURVIVE.

ORGANISED CRIME'S PARALYSED RIGHT NOW IN ASHBERRY'S HOME SECTORS, ALL THOSE FRONT COMPANIES AND MINIONS—MOST UNAWARE OF WHOM THEY ULTIMATELY ANSWER TO—TOO SCARED OF DOING TIME.

PILE ON THE PRESSURE, CASH FLOW GRINDS TO A HALT.

THAT'S GOTTA YANK HIS CHAIN.

EVEN THE CITS CAN SENSE SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND. WALKING THROUGH THEM NOW, I DIAL INTO THEIR PSI-MURMURING AND PICK UP NUGGETS OF INTEREST..

SOME GUY'S SUGAR DEALER HAS STOPPED ANSWERING HIS PHONE... THE RODENTS BACKED DOWN FROM A RUMBLE WITH THE COSMICS ON TUFNELL PLAZA.. SCRAP BOLTS CANCELLED ALL OVER...

THE DEVIL, AS EVER, IS ALWAYS IN THE *DETAILS*.

HOTTIE, EVERYTHING ON, EITZWEITZ ON THE SIDE.

ASHBERRY'S REACH SNAKES THROUGH THE STREETS, TOUCHING EVERYONE THESE PEOPLE, THEY'RE HIS *LIFEBLOOD*: ALL THE DESPERATE DWEEBS AND CHOWDERHEADS

IT'S A KIND OF *CRIMINAL ECOSYSTEM*. PUT A SPOKE IN IT AND—

—VOILA.

DOWN! NOW!

EVERYONE, GET—

UNNF!

STOP RIGHT THERE, CREEPS! TAKE ANOTHER STEP AND I FIRE!

THESE AREN'T MUTANTS, THEY'RE CITS UNDER *PSYCHIC REMOTE CONTROL*: ASHBERRY'S ALABAMA DETAINEES WORKING THEIR INFLUENCE.

MORE INNOCENTS TRANSFORMED INTO SUICIDE BOMBERS...

THE BIG MAN'S SENT HIS REPLY

CAN'T JUSTIFY THEIR EXECUTION—THEY'RE NOTHING MORE THAN UNWITTING PUPPETS.

BUT LET'S SEE IF A LITTLE PAIN CAN PUT A DENT IN THEIR CONCENTRATION...

SORRY, PAL.

OH NO YOU DON'T—

IF I'M THE TARGET, THEN I GOTTA LEAD THEM AWAY FROM ANY BYSTANDERS BEFORE THEY GET THE.R BRA NS FRIED—

CLEAR THE PLACE! GET EVERYONE OUTTA HERE!

THEY TRACKED ME TO THE HOTTIE HOUSE, I'M BANKING ON THEM FOLLOWING...

SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE FOLKS, GRACIE.

UH-OH.

ANDERSON, YOJ

CANNOT HIDE

I CAN FIND YOU

WHEREVER YOU GO

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE

AND I CAN DESTROY YOU

THE KILL SHOT *WOULD* BE THE SAFEST. DON'T KNOW IF I CAN TAKE BOTH OUT IN TIME—

I HESITATE A FRACTION OF A SECOND TOO LONG—

—AND THEN IT'S TOO LATE.

I WILL BURN

YOUR MIND

OUT OF YOUR SKULL

CASSANDRA

YOU WERE

A FOOL TO TH NK

YOU COULD F ND ME

I KNOW *JUST* HOW TO FIND YOU, CREEP.

THE MOMENT I MAKE CONTACT, IT AWAKENS THE H TCHHIKER I'VE HAD SCRATCH NG AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD S.NCE I RETURNED FROM THE SWAMP.

THERE'S A RUSH OF SENSAT.ONS—K.N... FAM.L AR TY... RECOGNITION.. AN OVERWHELM NG SURGE TO BE ***REUNITED***, WH CH I P GGYBACK THE SAME WAY TH S PASSENGER USED ME. TOGETHER WE FOLLOW THE SIGNAL BACK TO ITS ***SOURCE***

DEEP INSIDE THE MAN'S MIND, WE FIND THE CONTROLLER. I PUSH FURTHER, TRYING TO ZERO .N ON A LOCATION.

DETAILS SEEP IN THE CLOSER WE GET. I ALMOST HAVE THE SIGNAL'S POINT OF ORIGIN—

—AND THEN THE CONNECTION IS CUT.

BUT I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. I HAVE A *ROUTE MAP* OF MY OWN.

OR RATHER THE FRIEND I HAVE RIDING ALONG WITH ME DOES. SENSING THE PROXIMITY OF ITS TRIBE'S PSIGNATURE, IT LAYS OUT THE DIRECTIONS IN MY HEAD LIKE HUGE NEON ROADSIGNS...

...UNTIL HERE I AM AT THE OGRE'S KEEP, AS INCONSPICUOUS AS I SHOULD'VE IMAGINED.

ANY OTHER TIME, I'D QUESTION WHETHER I'D COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, BUT MY SILENT PARTNER IS VIRTUALLY SCRABBLING AT THE DOOR LIKE A ROBO-PUP IN NEED OF AN OIL CHANGE

CONTROL— ANDERSON. WHO'S THE OFFICE COMPLEX AT 404 JAYNES PLAZA REGISTERED TO?

THAT'S A TECH COMPANY— *TOMASSI INDUSTRIES.* RESEARCH, MAINLY: WEAPONS, VEHICLES, DEFENCE SOLUTIONS. BEEN THERE SINCE BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. BIG DEPARTMENT BENEFACTOR.

FIGURES. NO WAY CAN I MOBILISE SOME SLAB-JOCKS ON THIS KIND OF TIP-OFF. *"WHY YES, I WAS LED HERE BY A VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD. WHAT OF IT?"* FALK WOULD HAVE MY BADGE IF I GOT HELMETS INVOLVED.

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE BOSSES TO GROW A PAIR, ESPECIALLY NOW ASHBERRY HAS ME IN HIS SIGHTS. GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE HE SETS OFF MORE OF HIS PS-BOMBS.

JUDICIAL OVERRIDE TAKES CARE OF THE GATES...

.. AND I'M *IN.*

OH, CASSANDRA, YOU CAN'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED.

WE HAVE A JUDGE ON SITE, GENTLEMEN, ENTERING THROUGH THE POD PARK. I FEAR THIS ONE COULD CAUSE US SOME TROUBLE.

PUT THE LABS ON ALERT, AND BRING HER TO ME—*ALIVE*, IF YOU CAN.

NEED TO FIND WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING THE MUTANTS...

GRUD ON A GREENIE, I HOPE I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...

TROUBLE!

THIS IS THE LAW! FREEZE!

DAMMIT—!

JKK!

AAAHHH—!

DON'T TRY TO SNEAK UP ON A PSI, NUMBNUTS—

BEHIND ME—

GOTTA BE FASTER THAN THAT, SWEETHEART.

WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIV NG, JUDGE ANDERSON.

PSI

I APOLOGISE IN ADVANCE FOR MY HOSP TALITY, BUT I SAW NO OTHER WAY OF GETT NG THE CHANCE TO SPEAK TO YOU *FACE TO FACE*...

...AND YOU HAVE BEEN SO *VERY* KEEN TO TRACK ME DOWN.

4:A

BE HONEST, CASSANDRA—

—I'M NOT WHAT YOJ EXPECTED, AM I?

THE CRIMINAL MASTERM ND THE UNDERWORLD BOOGEYMAN. THE K NG OF THE SIX SECTORS.

THE FACE BEH ND SJCH A LEGEND IS ALWAYS REVEALED TO BE SO *ORDINARY*, ISN'T IT? SO ANTI-CL MACTIC. THE MJNDANITY OF EV L.

SJRELY NOTH NG CAN LIVE UP TO THE CREATURE YOJ'VE CREATED INSIDE YOUR HEAD THAT MUST BE RESPONS BLE FOR PERPETRATING THESE AWFUL ACTS...

...THAT IN ALL REAL TY YOJ SJSPECT S MERELY JJST A *MAN*, MJCH L.KE ANY OTHER.

EXCEPT OF COURSE IN THIS CASE, I'M DIFFERENT...

...I REALLY *AM* EVERY INCH THE N GHTMARE FROM WH CH YOU WAKE SCREAMING.

THE DEMON AT THE FOOT OF YOUR BED.

THE MONSTER YOU HOPED WITH EVERY SHRED OF YOUR BEING NEVER EXISTED.

HE'S PEELING AWAY MY MENTAL DEFENCES ONE LAYER AT A TIME. NEVER FIGURED ON ASHBERRY BEING A *PSI* HIMSELF. A STRONG ONE, TOO.

CAN'T MOVE, CAN'T SPEAK... ALL I CAN FEEL IS HIS CORRUPTIVE PRESENCE INVADING MY HEAD.

STUPID... *STUPID!* SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEARDED THIS DRAGON IN HIS LAIR ALONE. TOO IMPETUOUS—DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS WALKING INTO.

NOW THE BLACKNESS FROM THOSE INFERNAL EYES SEEPS INTO ME, STRANDING ME...

.. SOMEWHERE.

WHA—?

YOU'RE IN MY HEAD, CASSANDRA. THE DARKNESS HAS FLUSHED YOUR MIND INTO MINE.

YOU PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT YOUR IMPRESSIVE TALENTS WERE NEVER GOING TO BE ANY MATCH.

WHAT THE DROKK *ARE* YOU?

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

OBSERVE:

WHY AM I SEEING THIS?

TO PROVE A POINT. NOW HUSH— IT'LL ALL BECOME CLEAR.

BACK IN 2097, THE *NEW TERRITORIES* WERE BEING ESTABLISHED. THEY POTENTIALLY OFFERED A BETTER WAY OF LIFE COMPARED TO THE BIG MEG.

HUNDREDS WERE TAKING THE HELLTREKS ACROSS COUNTRY, PREPARED TO RISK BANDITS, SLAVERS, DINOSAURS, AND SOME OF THE ROUGHEST TERRAIN ON GRUD'S OWN EARTH.

I JOINED THEM. I'D BEEN A CONMAN, ILLEGAL TECH-DEALER, AND RACKETEER FOR YEARS, BUT NEW GANGS WERE ENCROACHING ON MY TURF. THREATS WERE MADE, BLOOD WAS SPILLED.

I DECIDED TO LIGHT OUT SOONER RATHER THAN LATER, RECKONING SETTLERS WERE JUST AS EASY TO SEPARATE FROM THEIR CREDS AS CITYFOLK.

WE WERE SEVENTY-FIVE KLICKS WEST OF THE MILWAUKEE RUINS WHEN WE CAME ACROSS THE CRASHED RADWAGON—

—AND THE *CARGO* IT HAD CONTAINED

THE MUTANT DIDN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH, BUT HIS VOICE CHIMED IN MY HEAD, TELLING ME HE'D BEEN CAPTURED FROM A SETTLEMENT TO THE SOUTH BY RAIDERS. HE PLEADED FOR HIS FREEDOM.

I SEARCHED THE WRECKAGE AND FOUND THE REMAINS OF THE CREW. THERE WERE NO OTHER SURVIVORS. FROM THE STATE OF THE DEAD I SURMISED THAT THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT, BUT CLEARLY NO SHOTS HAD BEEN FIRED.

THE PRISONER/TROPHY/PET/WHATEVER THE HELL HE WAS WOULDN'T DIVULGE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

MY FELLOW PIONEERS REFUSED TO TAKE THE MUTE ON BOARD.

THEY WERE SPOOKED, FIGURED HIM FOR TROUBLE. THEY WANTED TO BE ON THEIR WAY WITHOUT DELAY

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT SURPRISED EVEN ME.

I RETURNED TO THE CITY, AWARE THAT MY ACTIONS WERE BEING *INFLUENCED* TO A CERTAIN DEGREE...

BUT NOT SO MUCH THAT I WAS ABOUT TO RELEASE MY NEW ASSET. PSI-POWER OF THIS MAGNITUDE, POTENTIAL *OPPORTUNITIES* WERE ALREADY PRESENTING THEMSELVES.

MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY NEEDED A LITTLE *INCENTIVISING*... BUT THEY HELPED ME TO *WEAPONISE* MY FIND, BOOST ITS ABILITIES' FURTHER.

I HAD PLANS. I WANTED A *KINGDOM* TO RULE, TO TAKE BACK THAT WHICH I HAD TO ABANDON. TO DO THAT, I NEEDED TO BE *FEARED*, TO BE *UNSTOPPABLE*.

I NEEDED THE MUTANT'S TALENTS

THE BOFFINS HAD ASSURED ME THEY COULD BE TRANSFERRED

THEY WERE RIGHT, IN A WAY.

THEY CALL IT THE *BLACK MIRROR*—THE POWER WAS TOO GREAT, IT CHANGED YOU INSIDE AND OUT. MY HEADSPACE GOT A LITTLE.. WARPED.

BUT IT GAVE ME WHAT I NEEDED TO ASSERT MY AUTHORITY AND PROPEL MY RISE. I COULD READ MINDS, DIVINE FUTURES, STRIP THE SANITY FROM RIVALS—EACH STREET I GAINED, EVERY NEW EMPLOYEE, STRENGTHENED MY GRIP.

I SOUGHT TO CONSOLIDATE THE LOCAL SECTORS' UNDERWORLD, BRING IT TO HEEL—THE PROFITS FROM EVERY BAG OF BRAIN CHOWDER SOLD, EVERY CLUB'S NIGHTLY TAKINGS, EVERY PROTECTION SCAM PUSHED ON SOME GULLIBLE SAP, WOULD FEED MY EMPIRE'S GROWTH.

WITHIN MONTHS, MOST BOSSES ACQUIESCED, THOSE THAT DIDN'T WERE CRUSHED.

I RETREATED INTO RESEARCH, MY FASCINATION WITH TECH OFFERING POTENTIAL REVENUE STREAMS. IF I WANTED THE *CITY*, I NEEDED *EXTRA FUNDING*.

BY NOW, I HAD CONTACTS IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. IN RETURN FOR SUBSTANTIAL PAY-OFFS, THEY LEAKED THE PROGRESS THEY'D MADE IN THEORETICAL *TIME TRAVEL*, AND I DEVELOPED THE TECH TO MAKE IT WORK.

IN MY ENTHUSIASM, HOWEVER, I DIDN'T QUITE ANTICIPATE THE *BLEED-THROUGH* INTO THIS DIMENSION, CIRCA 2080.

WITH IT IN PLACE, I WAS ABLE TO SACK REALITIES DOWN THE TIMESTREAM, PSYCHICALLY MANIPULATING THE NATIVES TO DO THE HEAVY LIFTING WHILE MY MEN BEAMED THE SPOILS BACK.

AND SO ALL GOOD THINGS CAME TO AN END.

THANKS FOR THE L.FE STORY. I WOULD'VE BROLGHT POPCORN F I KNEW WE WERE GETT NG THE JNCUT VERS ON.

SHOJLD I?

OH, THIS ISN'T THE FINISH. THIS IS WHERE ONE L FE *BEGINS*. YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

OF COURSE. AFTER ALL, THIS IS WHERE *YOU* ENTER THE TALE, CASSANDRA.

BORN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE NCURSION .N 2080, ALL THAT PSYCHIC ENERGY FLOAT NG THROUGH THE ETHER... DON'T YOU REAL SE? I MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE. YOUR TALENTS WOULDN'T EXIST WITHOUT *ME*.

VICTIM OF CIRCJMSTANCE, SEE? NONE OF US CHOOSES THE ROLES WE P.AY.

MOM?

D-DAD?

I HAD TO BURROW PRETTY DEEP NTO YOUR LNCONSC OUS TO F ND ANY TRACE OF YOLR PARENTS, NCIDENTALLY.

FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, YOU WERE *MEMORY-LOCKED* AT SOME POINT BEFORE PLBERTY.

CHILDHOOD TRAUMA, FAMILY TRAGEDY... WHO KNOWS? THEY'VE DONE A GOOD JOB AT SEALING IT AWAY, AT ANY RATE.

YOJR PALS IN JJSTICE DEPARTMENT LOOK NG OUT FOR YOU, I GUESS, HUH?

WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH ANDERSON, SIR. SHE HASN'T REGISTERED AS GOING RAD O-S.LENT, AND SHE'S NOT ANSWERING HA LS.

HOW LONG?

COUPLE OF HOURS. PSI-TRACE IS DRAWING A BLANK, TOO—IT'S LIKE SHE'S DROPPED OFF THE GR D.

LAST KNOWN POSITION?

SHE WAS ASKING ABOUT *TOMASSI INDUSTRIES*. TR ANGJLAT ON OF HER COM-MESSAGE PUTS HER IN ITS LOCATION.

SO HAVE STREET SEND A PA.R OF HELMETS AROJND TO INVESTIGATE—

ALREADY PUT IN THE CALL, SIR, AS PER S.O.P I, LH, H T SOME RESISTANCE WITH *SECTOR CHIEF FALK*. HE... HE OVERRODE MY REQJEST.

SA D WE WOULD BE EMBARRASSING THE DEPARTMENT IF WE TURNED JP AT TOMASSI'S DOOR LOOK NG FOR ONE OF OUR OWN.

WHAT?

HIS, LH, WORDS, SIR. TOMASSI'S A GRAND HALL SYMPATHISER—WE HAD TO PLAY THIS ONE TACTFJLLY, NOT GO THROW NG ACCJSATIONS AROUND. OR THAT'S WHAT HE TOLD ME, ANYWAY.

HE *DID*, DID HE? AND WHY EXACTLY IS DENNIS FALK GETTING INVOLVED N MATTERS ON THE GROUND?

SEND JACOBS AND MJLLANE OUT TO TOMASSI IMMEDIATELY—THEY'RE AMONGST OUR BEST TELEPATHS.

MY ORDER, UNDERSTAND? NO ONE IS TO COUNTERMAND IT. I'LL SPEAK TO FALK.

CHIEF OMAR, SIR, WE HAVE A SITUATION—

NOT NOW, I'M DEAL NG WITH SOMETHING HERE—

BUT, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD BE AWARE: THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER *PSI-BOMB*.

16:57 P.M.

SERGIO'S EAT N' GREET ON FULSOM, SECTOR 7. REGULAR HANGOUT FOR THE CAPRETTI FAMILY BUTTON MEN:

GOT A VISITOR.

HJH? WHA'CHOO LOOK N' AT, YA DINK?

OHHHH DROKK—!

SJCH *SECRETS* OUR HEADS HOLD, EH? EVEN THE BEST OF JS ARE BARELY AWARE OF THEIR JNMAPPED REGIONS

YOU YOURSELF, CASSANDRA, HAVE PROBABLY JTILISED ONLY A *TENTH* OF YOUR POWERS. YOU'VE SO MUCH *POTENTIAL* STILL TO FJLFILL. . AND YET SADLY NOW NEVER WILL.

OR AT LEAST, NOT WITHOUT *ME* AT THE RE NS.

PSI-ENERGY S THE NEW FRONTIER. WE'VE EXPLOITED EVERY OTHER CRIMINAL RESOURCE—TH S IS THE DAWN NG OF THE POST-NJCLEAR, POST-*HUMAN* AGE

THROUGH MY MUTANT, I LEARNED OF *OTHERS* OF HIS TR BE, SCATTERED ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

YEARS OF SEARCHING LED ME TO ONE IN A TRAVELLING CARNY—I PUT H M TO GOOD JSE TO HELP F ND ME THE OTHERS.

THE MEGAPOLITAN HE ST...

..YOU BJTCHERED INNOCENTS! SLAUGHTERED THOSE FAMIL ES IN THE MORASS TO FURTHER YOUR DROKKING EMP RE!

GRIST TO THE MILL. YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMLETTE, ETC., ETC.

BJT YES, ALL N THE CAJSE OF *EXPANSION*. WHAT EMPEROR WAS EVER SAT SFIED WITH H S LOT?

I HAVE AN ENTIRE *CITY* TO CLAIM.

16:58 P.M.

SLEEPEEEZEEE MOTE. ON BRAINERD, SECTOR 9, MOB ACCOJNTANT *MARTY GRUCZO* CAN BE FOUND HERE MOST AFTERNOONS IN THE COMPANY OF A SLABWALKER:

HOLY—

YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN WHAT THE MJTANTS CAN DO F.RSTHAND. F RST I'LL W PE OUT MY RIVALS IN THE NEXT SECTORS, THEN I'LL TAKE THE BANKS, THEN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TSELF.

...I'LL DRENCH THE WHOLE TOWN IN DARKNESS.

MR. ASHBERRY, S R, WE HAVE TWO JAYS ON THE PREM SES DEMANDING ACCESS.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME? GET R.D OF THEM.

THEY'RE CONDJCTING A *SQC*, SIR—RANDOM PROPERTY SEARCH. WE CAN'T KEEP THEM OUT WITHOUT RAISING SUSPIC ON.

DROKKSAKE... STALL THEM, KEEP THEM BUSY. I'LL SPEAK TO MY CONTACT.

THE PARALYSIS WANES SLIGHTLY AS ASHBERRY MOVES AWAY, DISTRACTED BRA N FEELS LIKE IT'S BLEED NG, BJT THE PRESSURE, AT LEAST, HAS LIFTED.

NEED TO... SUMMON A RESERVE FROM SOMEWHERE, BUT MY HEAD'S BEEN HOLLOWED OUT, STRIPPED CLEAN...

...*NO* NO, THERE WAS SOMETH NG HE *DIDN'T* F ND ALL THAT SEARCHING THROUGH MY PSYCHE AND HE MISSED T, AN EXPERIENCED RECLUSE H D.NG AWAY IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST DEPTHS LIKE—

—L KE—

—LIKE THE STOWAWAY THAT LED ME HERE, WHO WANTED TO BE REUN.TED WITH HIS PEOPLE—

—WHO BURIED H MSE.F IN THE SHADOWY RECESSES TO AVOID DETECTION, BUT NOW—

—NOW I HAVE TO RELEASE BEFORE T'S TOO LATE.

16:59 P.M.

AN INTERROGAT.ON IS CONDUCTED IN ONE OF THE OLD WAREHOUSES ON DOCKS DE EAST:

THOUGHT YOU *LIKED* TO TALK, LENNY. AIN'T YOU GOT NOTH N' TO SAY NOW?

THINK HE'S TRYNNA ANSWER, VINCE ..

GOTTA ACT AS A CONDUIT GONNA TAKE AN ALMIGHTY *PUSH*—

—Y-YOU WON'T F ND ANYTHING UNTOWARD, I ASSURE YOU, JUDGE.

WE RUN A TIGHT SHIP HERE—

JUST STAND AS DE, CITIZEN. GRAND HALL WILL COMPENSATE FOR ANY DAMAGE OR INCONVEN.ENCE IN THE COURSE OF A SAC.

JACOBS... YOU P CK UP ON THAT?

FELT A *PSI-TREMOR* SUDDENLY... LIKE THERE WAS AN ENERGY BURST CLOSE BY.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. SOMETHING JUST SPIKED...

...YOU CARE TO EXPLAIN WHERE THAT MIGHT BE *COMING FROM*, PENCILNECK?

OMAR! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, SENDING MEN OVER TO TOMASSI? THEY'RE OUR ALLIES!

DENNIS, JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE.

PULL THEM BACK, GRUDDAMMIT! YOU AWARE OF THE *DAMAGE* YOUR INSINUATIONS COULD CAUSE? NOT TO MENTION GOING OVER MY HEAD WHEN I EXPRESSLY ORDERED NO INVESTI—

I'M FULLY AWARE OF YOUR ORDER, DENNIS...

...WHICH IS WHY I BELIEVE YOU'RE NO LONGER FIT TO HOLD A POSITION OF AUTHORITY.

YOU'RE RELIEVED OF DUTY, SECTOR CHIEF, PENDING FURTHER QUESTIONING.

WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF MULTIPLE PSI-DISTURBANCES COMING IN FROM OUTSIDE CENTRAL, AND I NEED EVERY MAN I CAN *TRUST* ON THIS.

17:00 P.M.

KAREN ALLEN UNDERZOOM, SECTOR 7:

17:01 P.M.

DELGAR STREET TEA ROOMS, SECTOR 9:

17:02 P.M.

CRED-COUNTING ROOM, SCHAPELL'S, SECTOR 13:

THE INCIDENTS RIPPLE OUT INTO THE NEIGHBOURING AREAS, LEAVING HUMAN WRECKAGE IN THEIR WAKE...

...RIPE FOR *PLUNDERING.*

ANDERSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING—?

SHOULD'VE JUST PUT A BULLET IN YOUR DAMN HEAD FROM THE START—

WHAT?

N-NO—!

CONTROL, WE'RE REGISTERING SERIOUS PSI-ACTIVITY AT TOMASSI. HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE ANDERSON IS ON THE PREMISES—HEADING TOWARDS UPPER LEVELS.

REQUEST BACKUP—WHOLE BUILDING TO BE LOCKED DOWN. NO ONE IN OR OUT.

THAT'S A ROG. DIVERTING UNITS TO YOUR POSITION.

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, LAWDOGS.

AAAHH—!

CODE 99 RED, CONTROL! WE'RE MEETING HEAVILY ARMED RESISTANCE! MULLANE IS DOWN!

BACKUP URGENTLY REQUIRED!

ONE M NJTE AWAY.

MR. ASHBERRY, S R, JUDGES ARE SJRROUND NG THE BJ LD NG! WE HAVE CASUALTIES—

—SIR...?

NO! NO, S-STAY AWAY—!

YOU! GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE, AND YOU WON'T SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE N A DROKKING CUBE!

UH, W-WHAT'S WRONG WITH H.M—

NOW!

AAAWWDDERRRSONN!

—DROKKING KILL YOU—

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE—?

.T'S INNOCENCE, ASHBERRY. MONSTERS L.KE YOU ARE ALLERGIC TO .T

CHOKE ON IT.

GAAAHHH!

AAAHH—!

IT'S OVER, CREEP.

YOUR EMP RE ENDS HERE.

DROKK YOU—

WHA—?

ONE BY ONE, THE L GHTS ON ASHBERRY'S PSI-TECH GO OUT, AND ONE BY ONE THE PEOPLE HE WEAPON SED BECOME HUMAN AGAIN.

ANGRY, HURT, VENGEFUL, EXPLOITED PEOPLE.

AND WHO ALL, UNDERSTANDABLY, WANT A P ECE OF THE MAN RESPONS BLE.

I BR EFLY CONSIDER LETT NG THEM HAVE THEIR REVENGE. WHO WOULDN'T CALL THAT JUSTICE?

BJT NO. NO PO.NT F GHTING FOR SOMETH NG .F YOU BECOME AS BAD AS THE ENEMY.

YOU OKAY, ANDERSON?

I'LL LIVE.

TAKE TH S ONE AWAY. *LIFE*, SPECIAL CONFINEMENT.

AND N A HOLDING CELL IN TEXAS CITY, A YOUNG MUTANT BOY CALLED *RAM!* SMILES AND CLOSES H S EYES

I WAS WRONG. I'D TOLD ASHBERRY THAT HIS EMPIRE HAD FALLEN, BUT ALL I'D DONE WAS REMOVE THE HEAD.

THE KING OF THE SIX SECTORS HAD BEEN DEPOSED, BUT THERE WERE PLENTY OF *LIEUTENANTS* EAGER TO ASCEND THE THRONE. THE POWER SIMPLY SHIFTED.

PROBABLY NONE HAD HIS AMBITION OR TALENTS, BUT FEW CREEPS WERE GOING TO SIT IDLY BY WHILE THERE WAS ALL THAT CAPITAL FOR THE TAKING. OVER THE COMING WEEKS THEY COULD EXPECT TURF WARS, TAKEOVERS, EXECUTIONS...

GRAND HALL NEEDED TO GET ITS HOUSE IN ORDER, TOO. IT WASN'T A SURPRISE TO FIND HIS CORRUPT TAINT AMONG THE RANKS.

PSYCHOMETRIC DIVISION PERSONNEL FILES

THE MYTHICAL, MONSTROUS ASHBERRY WAS GONE—IMPRISONED IN A PSI-SHIELDED CUBE—BUT HIS *LEGACY* LINGERED.

AN IMPRINT. A *STAIN*

A KNOT TO BE UNPICKED.

END.

ART GALLERY

1:SUB

COVER BY MIMU YOUN

2:SUB

COVER BY [illegible] YOON

3:SUB

COVER BY [redacted] YOUN

4:SUB

COVER BY [illegible]

1:RI
COVER BY CHRIS WESTON

c Weston.

2:RI

COVER BY ILYA KUVSHINOV

3:RI

COVER BY NICK PERCIVAL

4:RI

COVER BY AGNES GARBOWSKA

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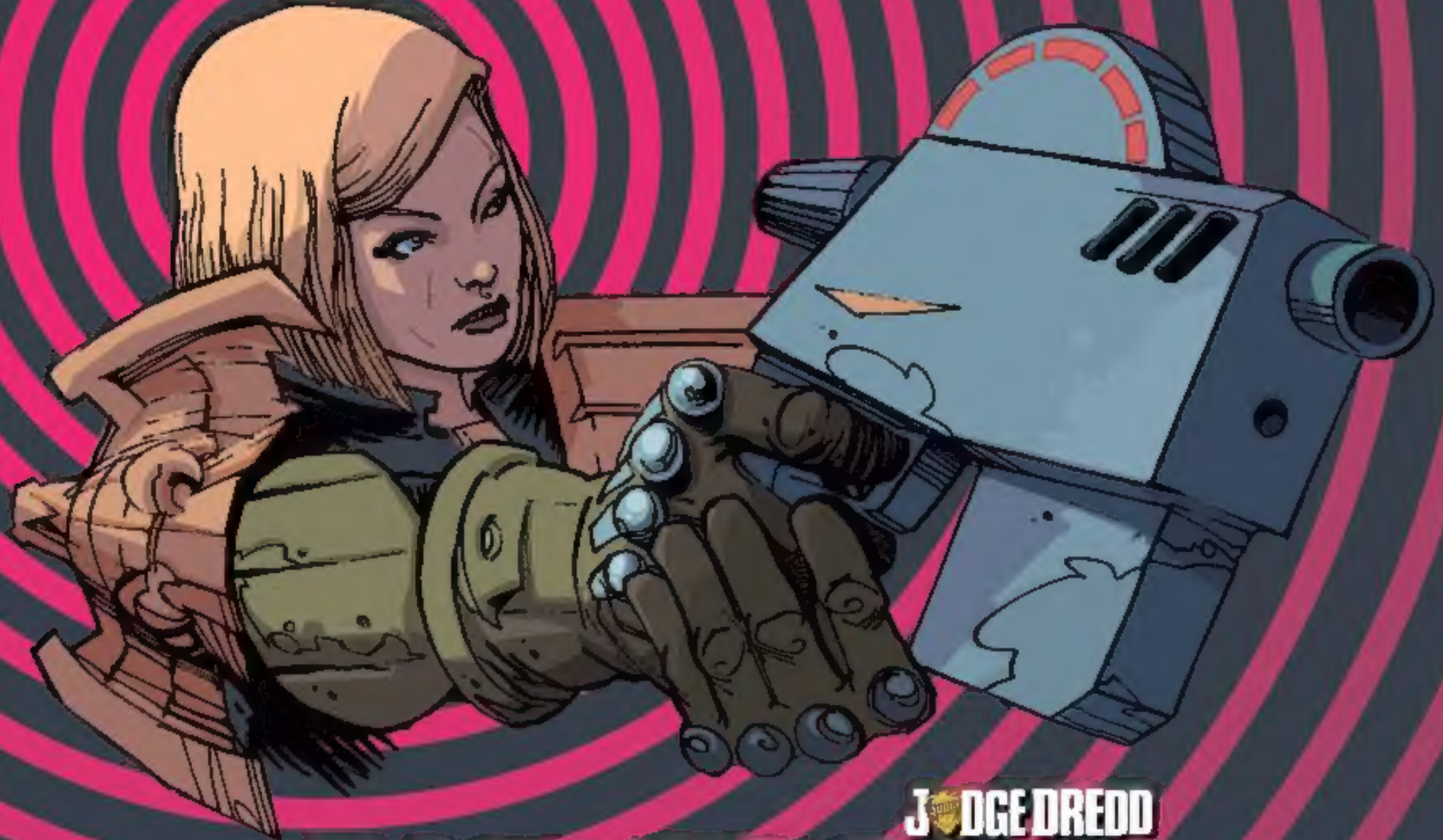

JUDGE DREDD

ANDERSON

PSI-DIVISION

In an all-new adventure from Cassandra Anderson's early days in the Mega-City One Psi-Division, writer **Matt Smith** and artist **Carl Critchlow** present "The King of the Six Sectors." It all starts with Anderson awaking from an unusually strong vision of an attack on the Megapolitan Museum showcasing Cursed Earth artifacts...

IDW